CAMP HYMNS

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

Published by the S. C. Colportage Board.

1. C. M. *Atonement.*

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

2 C. M. *Coronation*

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

3. C. M. *Balerma.*

1 AMAZING grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;

Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

---

4. C. M. *Carolina.*

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,

And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

---

5 C. M. *Balerma.*

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,

I come to thee for rest,

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

---

6 L. M. *Charleston.*

1 AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 H. M. *Lenox.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come. &c.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come, &c.

8 L. M. *Zephyr.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

---

9 7s *Herald.*

1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod,
They are happy now, and ye

Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

---

10 C. M. *Ortonville.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go

To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

---

11 8s & 7s. *Wilmot.*

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

---

12 C. M. *Martyrdom.*

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch, undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must forever die."

---

13 S. M. *Elysium.*

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

---

14 S. M *Compassion.*

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonisned, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

---

15 L. M. *Woodworth.*

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat,

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

---

16 S. M. *Cranbrook.*

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

---

17 8s *De Fleury.*

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

---

18 C. M. *Magnolia.*

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God.
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

---

19 L. M. *Zephyr.*

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

20 8s & 7s. *Aberdeen.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition.
All I've sought, or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face and and all is bright.

---

21 7s. (Double.) *Martyn.*

1 JESUS. lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, Ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

---

22 L. M. *Charleston.*

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come, hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God!

---

23 C. M. *Remembrance.*

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me!

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

6 And when I close my eyes in death.
And creature helps all flee,
Then. O my great Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me!

---

24 L. M. *Zephyr.*

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

---

25 L. M. *Wells.*

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Then what m4y thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

---

26 S. M. *Luther.*

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

27 8s. & 7s. *Wilmot.*

1 ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

---

28 C. M. *Jordan.*

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—

Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

---

29 7's. *Martyn.*

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;

Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

---

30 7's. *Hendon.*

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die;
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?

Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

---

31 S. M. *Temperance.*

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take. to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength, to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,

In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

---

32 L. M. *Rossini.*

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies,
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

---

33 8s. 7s. *Otto.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

---

34 C. M. *Fountain.*

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

---

35 C. M. *Woodland.*

1 THERE is a time, we know not when—
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 O where is the mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself has sworn,
That he who goes, is lost?

4 How long may we go on in sin;
How long will God forbear;
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair!

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart."

---

36 C. M. *Joy.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

---

37 L. M. *Dwight.*

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;

But soon, ah, soon, approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

---

38 C. M. *Brattle-St.*

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

Harper & Calvo, Printers, Charleston.